

Port Moresby. Papua
10th Nov. 1937.

Dear George,

This is just a small note to send the stamps I promised.

I have been dashing about every day since I arrived. It seems like a month since I arrived but it was only 3 days ago. I expect to be here for about another two or three days then I shall fly over to Salamoia and will send some stamps from there.

The Papuan Government has been very good to me since I arrived. They have taken me everywhere I want to go by car and I have done about 60 miles so far. They have given me an office with a telephone and a typewriter. That is more than I have in my office in Melbourne.

The Government Treasurer here, Mr Harris, was Collector of Customs in Samarai when I lived there 17 years ago, and he remembered me. Several other Government officials here were either here or in Samarai when I was there too, so I am not altogether amongst strangers.

I have forgotten most of the language here but most of the natives have been taught by the missions to speak English so the native language is not much use here.

I would not like to ever live in Port Moresby. Nearly everybody looks very tired and worn out. It is a very trying climate.

I'll see you soon after you get this note so ta-ta for now.

Love from

Dad.